

Ride Along

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Category: Criminal Minds: Beyond Borders

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Mae J., Matthew S.

Pairings: Mae J./Matthew S.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-09 03:09:22

Updated: 2016-04-09 03:09:22

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:28:09

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 907

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Matt and Mae don't talk about it, but they both feel it.

Marked complete for now, but if I get inspired, I might add another chapter. For Lenika08.

Ride Along

Matt knew that it was wrong. He knew, first of all, that he loved his wife. He knew that she was an amazing woman, a beautiful mother and a sexy wife that just kept on giving more to him. He knew that he would never cheat on her. Ever.

But when he looked at Mae Jarvis, some of that faded away. The years with Kristy didn't mean as much. They weren't lessened, oh no. They were just a little less clear.

Mae had something to her, a spark, a daring; a zest for life that didn't go away even though she stared down dead bodies most of the time. She pushed him to his limits, every time, every where, every place, every moment. Physical, mental, emotional; Mae Jarvis could push all of his buttons.

And he had a feeling that she knew it, too. That when she asked, once again, to drive the bike, she was meaning something else. When she talked about riding, and speeding, he knew that she felt it too.

When they rode on the bike, her hands on his waist, wrapped tight around him...he could feel it in those moments. It made him happy. It made him guilty. It made him want to turn around, take off her bike helmet and bury his hands in her hair, kissing all the moments away, all the hurt he felt at the crime scenes; all the guilt at sometimes missing her more than he missed his wife.

Sometimes he could picture just going offroad with her. Just leaving,

just quitting. There, done. Mae and Matt would be a team, a true team, like they'd always been before now, but this time confirmed.

* * *

><p>Mae didn't know everything she wanted in life. She wasn't sure if she wanted kids; they were cute and beautiful and wonderful, but did she really need them in her life? Better to leave it to people who were better at that than she was.<p>

She wasn't sure if she liked all the traveling; sometimes, it freaked her out, just a little, every time they got off at a new airport.

She wasn't sure if she wanted to get married. She wasn't sure if, after all the times she'd been burned, that she even dared want a serious relationship.

She wasn't sure if she was truly a good person. Sometimes she felt like looking at dead bodies somehow lessened her purity, or something crap like that.

She was sure of a few things, though.

She was sure that, as weird as it was, she truly loved her job. She loved being able to tell what killed a person. She loved the concrete knowledge, and the satisfaction in giving the right answer. She loved solving crimes, saving lives. She loved all of the opportunities that Jack Garrett had given her when he'd offered a space on his team. She loved her coworkers.

She was sure of that. They meant so much to her.

She was sure that riding on a motorcycle, wind whipping her hair, made her feel a glee that she'd never known before, a deep hum in the pit of her stomach that just screamed _yes, this is what I want to do, forever. _

She was sure that partnering with Matt Simmons made her legs weak, just occasionally; like when he had a sheen of sweat on his skin. Like when she just wanted to wipe it away.

She was sure that this was what she was meant to be doing. That she was making a difference in the world.

She was sure that she loved straddling...that is, riding behind...Matt on his motorcycle, legs spread wide, arms cinching him.

She was sure that she _would _love him stopping the bike.

Sure that she'd love it if he turned around.

Very sure that she'd love it if he kissed her, hands encircling her waist, pulling her ever closer.

She was also sure that he was married. In a committed, loving, stable relationship. She knew that Kristy was an amazing woman. She knew that she'd never break them up for the world.

But she also knew how Matt looked at her sometimes.

She knew he felt it too.

But for now, it was enough for both of them to just ride along. Together. Partners. And if someday, fate stepped in...well, they wouldn't say no.

They wouldn't say no to a cross country trip, of just the two of them, riding along beaches and fields and drinking in nature.

They wouldn't say no to sun drenched balconies, laying on them and just kissing the day away.

They wouldn't say no to midnight black bedrooms, spent making noises that no one else should hear; moving in ways that no one else should be a part of.

They wouldn't say no to love. To lust. To desire.

But at this point in their life, they would. They had to.

For now, they were content to just ride along.

Or that's what Mae told herself, every time she sat behind him on the bike, clinging to him as though she'd be lost without him.

* * *

><p>AN: Not sure if I'll continue this one, but I will definitely try to get a few more chapters onto A Different Kind of Love Story.

End
file.